Dantsu Cheese

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Dantsu Cheese

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

I want to blow Dantsu Flame

Notes

I don’t know how to tag shit

Thank you for the comm ehe

Credit to t for the title lmao

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The last rays of the afternoon sun streamed through the high windows of Tracen Academy's practice track, casting long shadows as you and Dantsu Flame made your way towards the locker rooms.

The rhythmic thud of her shoes on the tile floor was a familiar sound, a steady beat accompanying the light panting that escaped her lips. Sweat glistened on her skin, clinging to the soft strands of hair escaping her ponytail and outlining the lean, powerful muscles of her legs.

"Phew! That was a good run today, Trainer!" Dantsu exclaimed, turning to you with a bright, albeit slightly breathless, smile. Her amber eyes sparkled with satisfaction. "I think I finally got that last turn right! Did you see it?"

You nodded, a smile touching your own lips. "I did, Dantsu. Your form was excellent, and your acceleration out of the curve was perfect. We're really seeing progress."

A happy little "Yay!" escaped her, and her tail gave an enthusiastic flick.

"It's all thanks to you, Trainer! Your advice really helps me get that feeling right!"

As you reached the familiar, slightly humid air of the locker room corridor, Dantsu bounced ahead, pushing open the door to reveal the rows of lockers. "Alright, time to get all this sweat off!" she announced, already heading towards her locker with a cheerful skip.

You followed, trying to maintain a casual demeanor as Dantsu began to peel off her race uniform. The pink undershirt came first, revealing her toned midriff, still damp and glistening. Then the black long-sleeved top, followed by the compression shirt. Each movement was fluid, unselfconscious, as she tossed the sweaty garments into her locker. You found your gaze, despite your best efforts, drawn to the sight—the graceful curve of her back, the taut lines of her abdomen, the way her muscles flexed with each movement. It wasn't an overtly sexual stare, more an appreciation of the raw athleticism and beauty of her form, but a stare nonetheless.

Dantsu, seemingly oblivious, hummed a little tune as she reached for a towel. But then she paused, her head tilting slightly. She turned, her amber eyes locking onto yours, a playful glint dancing within them. A slow, knowing smile spread across her face.

"Trainer-san," she purred, her voice dropping just a fraction lower than usual, a hint of teasing entering her tone. "Are you enjoying the view?"

Your cheeks flushed a little, and you quickly averted your gaze, pretending to be deeply interested in the scuff mark on your shoe. "W-what? No, Dantsu, I was just... observing your post-training posture. Very important for muscle recovery."

A soft, melodic giggle escaped her. "Is that so? My posture, huh?" She took a step closer, her bare, sweaty midriff now just a few feet away. The scent of her, a mix of exertion and something uniquely Dantsu, filled your senses. "It's okay, you know," she said, her voice gentle now, laced with genuine affection. "You don't have to pretend. If you want to... touch, you can."

Your heart gave a little flutter. The invitation, so direct and yet so soft, caught you off guard. Hesitation warred with a sudden, overwhelming desire. Your hands twitched, a nervous energy sparking through your fingertips. You wanted to, desperately, but a wave of embarrassment washed over you.

Before you could form a coherent response, Dantsu took another step, closing the distance between you. Her warm, slightly damp hands reached out, gently taking yours. Her grip was firm, surprisingly so, as she guided your hands upwards, pressing them against her bare, warm abdomen.

The sensation was immediate and electrifying. Her skin was smooth, slick with sweat, and incredibly firm beneath your palms. You could feel the subtle ripple of her muscles, the faint beat of her pulse. Your fingers splayed out almost instinctively, exploring the flat planes and soft curves. Dantsu leaned into your touch, a soft sigh escaping her lips, her eyes closing for a moment in contentment.

"See?" she whispered, her voice a warm rumble against the quiet of the locker room. "It's okay. You can feel. I don't mind at all." She swayed a little, pressing her body closer, your hands still firmly planted on her midriff. "You know, when I'm running, I always imagine you're right there with me, cheering me on. And then, when I'm done, it feels so good to know you're here, waiting for me. It makes all the hard work worth it."

You found yourself unable to speak, utterly captivated by the feeling of her warm, strong body beneath your hands, by the soft, loving

words she was whispering. Your thumbs began to trace involuntary circles on her skin, feeling the slight indentation of her navel.

Dantsu's eyes fluttered open, meeting yours, filled with a deep, trusting affection. A small, satisfied smile played on her lips as she watched your hands explore, a silent invitation for more.

The hesitation that had initially gripped you began to melt away, replaced by a heady mixture of adoration and instinct. Dantsu's skin was so incredibly warm, the heat of her exertion radiating through your palms and settling deep in your chest. As her hands remained over yours, guiding them in slow, deliberate strokes across her, you found yourself leaning in, no longer just accepting the contact but actively seeking it. You traced the cut of her abdominal muscles, your fingers slipping over the slick sheen of perspiration that coated her torso.

"Mmm… that's it," Dantsu hummed, her voice vibrating against you. She shifted her weight, spreading her legs slightly to give you better access. "Don't be shy, Trainer. Touch as much as you want. It makes me feel… like I'm really here. Like I'm the only one you see."

Her encouragement was the breaking point for your restraint. You let your hands slide further back, gripping her waist firmly, your thumbs digging into the soft curve of her hips just above the waistband of her joggers. The sensation of her strong, athletic body beneath your fingers was intoxicating.

As you knelt slightly to explore the expanse of her stomach, your eyes were drawn inevitably downward. The loose fabric of her joggers and the pink shorts over them could no longer conceal the reaction she was having to your touch. You watched, mesmerized, as a distinct, heavy bulge began to grow rapidly between her legs, straining against the material. It was undeniable—her large member was hardening, tenting the fabric out aggressively with every heartbeat.

Dantsu noticed your gaze, and rather than pulling away or acting shy, she let out a breathless, confident giggle. She pressed her hips forward slightly, unabashedly displaying her arousal to you.

"See what you do to me?" she whispered, her voice thick with need but undeniably affectionate. "I can't help it… knowing my Trainer loves my body this much… it just makes me so excited."

The fabric at the very tip of the prominent tent in her pants began to darken, a small, damp spot spreading as her excitement leaked

through, the scent of her arousal mixing with the honest musk of her sweat.

She released your hands, only to immediately tangle her fingers into your hair. "Come here," she murmured, the command soft but firm. "I want you closer."

With gentle, insistent pressure, she guided your head forward until your face was pressed directly against her bare, heaving midriff. The world narrowed down to the sensation of Dantsu. You were forced to breathe her in—the sharp, salty tang of fresh sweat, the underlying sweetness of her skin, and the overwhelming heat of her core. It was suffocating in the most pleasurable way possible.

"That's a good Trainer," she cooed, scratching her nails lightly against your scalp as she held you there. "Just breathe… take it all in. It’s all for you."

Overwhelmed by the proximity and her encouraging words, your tongue darted out, tentatively tasting the salt on her skin. Dantsu gasped, her knees buckling slightly, but she didn't let you pull away. Instead, she pressed you harder against her stomach, her grip on your hair tightening as you began to lick broad, worshipping stripes up her center line.

"Ah—! Y-yes… just like that," she stuttered, her composure slipping just enough to reveal the eager, needy girl underneath the dominance. "Taste me… please… tell me I taste like a winner, Trainer. Make me feel like your star."

You continued your ministrations, kissing and licking across her abs, feeling the way her stomach muscles twitched and clenched under your mouth. All the while, the heat from her groin radiated against your chin, the wet spot on her pants expanding as she stood there, trembling and flushed, keeping you exactly where she wanted you.

Dantsu’s breath hitched sharply, her fingers tightening in your hair until it was almost painful, before she suddenly pulled back. She gently but firmly grasped your shoulders, lifting you away from her midriff. Her face was flushed a deep, rosy pink, her eyes hazy and half-lidded with a potent mix of adoration and raw desire. Her ears were pinned back slightly, twitching with every rapid beat of her heart.

"Trainer… w-wait," she panted, a nervous giggle bubbling up that didn't quite mask the tremble in her voice. "If you keep doing that… I

really won't be able to hold back anymore. I'm already… feeling like I'm going to burst."

She looked down at you, her gaze dropping meaningfully to the strained fabric of her pants, then back up to your eyes. The playfulness was still there, but it was heavier now, charged with intent.

"Do you… want to go further?" she asked, her voice dropping to a hushed, intimate whisper. "Do you want to see… how excited you've made me?"

Your throat felt tight, your own heart hammering against your ribs. You knew what this meant. You knew exactly how different Umamusume were from humans in this regard, the sheer scale of their anatomy compared to yours. But looking at Dantsu, seeing the trust and the heat in her eyes, you couldn't say no. You nodded, a breathless "Yes" escaping your lips.

Dantsu beamed, though her smile was laced with a newfound, dominant confidence. "Good," she purred. She took a half-step back, widening her stance just a fraction. "Then… could you help me? Please? It's… really tight in there. I need you to let it out."

Trembling slightly, you reached out. Your hands brushed against the waistband of her pants and the pink shorts layered over them. The heat radiating from her groin was intense, almost feverish. As you hooked your fingers into the waistband to pull them down, you met resistance—the sheer mass of her erection was pressed so tightly against the fabric that it was a struggle to slide the material over the tip.

"That's it… just like that," Dantsu encouraged, watching you struggle with a slight hungry gaze. "Don't be afraid to pull hard."

With a firm tug, you managed to drag the layers of clothing down past her hips. Immediately, her member sprang free with a heavy, wet slap against her lower stomach before settling.

The sight made your breath catch in your throat. She was massive. A long, thick shaft stood fully erect, throbbing with a visible, heavy pulse. It was absurdly large compared to your hands, thick, curving slightly upwards. You watched, a thick, clear splurt of precum pumped out, dribbling down the length and dripping onto the floor.

"Haa… oh, that's so much better," Dantsu sighed, her hips rolling

involuntarily. She reached down, her own hand wrapping around the base of her shaft. She gave it a slow, deliberate stroke, her own fingers even looking small against her own girth. "Look at her, Trainer… she's so happy just to be out in front of you. See how good she's feeling already?"

She stroked herself again, locking eyes with you, ensuring you saw every inch of it. The air in the locker room felt suddenly thick, charged with her musk.

"Here," she murmured, stepping closer and gently gripping your arm. She guided you backward a few steps. "Go sit down for me. On the bench."

You obeyed, your legs feeling a little like jelly as you sank onto the wooden bench behind you. Before you could even adjust, Dantsu stepped right into your personal space, standing between your spread knees.

The positioning was overwhelming. Sitting down while she stood placed her erection perfectly level with your face. It hovered just inches from your nose, a towering pillar of heat and scent. You could see the minute twitches of the shaft, the way the precum continued to bead at the slit and streak down the underside. Your mouth went completely dry, daunted by the sheer size of the thing staring you down.

Dantsu looked down at you, her hands resting on her hips, her chest heaving slightly. A smug, satisfied smile played on her lips as she saw you staring, mesmerized and intimidated.

"Ehehe… you look surprised, Trainer," she teased softly, leaning forward just a tiny bit so the tip almost brushed your cheek. "Is it bigger than you remember? Or maybe… you're just happy to see it this close?"

She reached out, one hand cupping your cheek, her thumb brushing over your bottom lip.

"Please..." she whispered, her voice dropping into that sweet, controlling register again. "Take care of her for me? I know you can make me feel like the best in the world."

Her hands moved from your cheek to the back of your head, her fingers tangling gently but firmly in your hair. With an insistent, steady pressure, Dantsu leaned forward, guiding your face directly

into her.

The contact was overwhelming. Your cheek and nose pressed against the broad, warm, and alarmingly solid length of her shaft. It was slick with precum, the skin beneath velvety soft but stretched taut over the rigid flesh. The smell, now that you were this close, was potent, filling your lungs with every breath—a heady, intoxicating mix of her musk, the salt of her earlier sweat, and the coppery-sweet scent of her arousal. It was so deeply, ingrained in your head, and it sent a jolt of pure, unadulterated lust straight to your core.

"Mmm… that’s it," Dantsu purred, her voice a low, thrumming vibration that you felt as much as heard, resonating from her body into yours. "Just... rest your face there. Feel how warm I am for you?"

Your own breath was coming in short, heavy pants, your body trembling with a mixture of nervous energy and burgeoning desire. You couldn't help it; you turned your head slightly, rubbing your cheek and nose up and down the slick surface, nuzzling against her like an affectionate animal. You huffed, breathing her in deeply, almost dizzy from the potent scent.

Your hands, which had been frozen at your sides, came up to brace yourself, resting on her firm, sweaty thighs. You could feel the power coiled there, the muscles tense and quivering.

Dantsu let out a long, shaky sigh, her free hand coming up to pet your head, her fingers carding through your hair in a slow, possessive rhythm.

"Haaa… y-yes… good girl. My good, sweet Trainer," she cooed. "You’re so wonderful… you always know just what to do to make me feel special. To make me feel like your number one."

Her hips gave an involuntary little push, pressing her erection more firmly against your face. "She really, really likes that," Dantsu whispered, her voice thick. "She’s so happy you're paying attention to her. Can you… can you give her a kiss, Trainer? Please? She's been working so hard for you."

The request, so polite and yet so loaded, was impossible to refuse. You tilted your head and pressed your lips softly against the side of the thick shaft. The skin was hot, the taste of her exploding on your tongue. Dantsu gasped above you, her hand tightening in your hair.

Emboldened, you pressed another kiss, and then another, trailing

small, adoring pecks up towards the head. As you kissed, your hands grew braver. They slid up from her thighs. One hand moved to grip her hip, holding her steady, while the other, trembling slightly, came to rest on her shaft.

You wrapped your fingers around the base, feeling the sheer girth of her, the thrumming, heavy pulse that beat against your palm. She was so incredibly thick, your fingers barely halfway around. Dantsu let out a choked sound, a mix between a groan and a whimper.

"Ah—! Trainer…! Y-yes, hold on tight," she urged, her voice cracking.

You combined the motions, your hand giving a gentle, exploratory squeeze at the base while your mouth continued to press devoted, wet kisses against the upper length. You worshiped her, your hands and mouth working in tandem, driven by the need to make her feel as good as she was making you feel, to show her that in this moment, she was the only star in your universe.

"Mmmm… perfect," Dantsu moaned, her eyes squeezing shut as she arched her back, offering herself more completely to your touch and your mouth. "Please… keep going… don't stop…."

Dantsu's breath hitched, turning into a series of shallow, broken gasps as your lips continued to ghost over the sensitive skin of her shaft. Her hands, which had been gently petting your hair, tightened their grip, her fingers digging in with a sudden, desperate need. Her hips gave a sharp jerk forward, interrupting your rhythm.

"Ah—! Trainer… wait, wait…!" Dantsu stammered, her voice trembling with a potent mix of pleasure and frustration. She gently pulled your head back just an inch, creating a tiny gap between your mouth and her throbbing member. Her eyes were blown wide, swirling with heat. "Your kisses… they feel amazing, really, they do! But… but it's not enough. I feel like I'm going to go crazy if I don't feel more of you."

She looked down at you, biting her lip, her expression pleading yet undeniably commanding. "Please… can you take me inside? I want to feel how warm your mouth is. I want you to… swallow me up."

You didn't hesitate. The sheer need in her voice, combined with the throbbing heat radiating from the massive erection right in front of your face, swept away any lingering shyness. You nodded eagerly, your eyes locked on hers, conveying your absolute willingness to serve.

Slowly, deliberately, you opened your mouth. You stuck your tongue out, flattening it into a welcoming carpet. Dantsu let out a shaky, pleased whimper at the sight. With her hand gently guiding the back of your head, she leaned forward, lining up the swollen, weeping tip of her shaft with your waiting lips.

"Good girl… yes, open wide for me," she murmured, her voice lusty.

The first contact was electric. The broad head pressed against your tongue, hot and slick. You didn't take her in immediately; instead, you focused your attention on the sensitive tip. Your tongue swirled around the slit, lapping up the beads of salty precum that were constantly leaking out, coating her in your saliva. You licked around the rim of the head, teasing the sensitive ridge.

"Nngh! T-there! Right there!" Dantsu cried out, her knees knocking together. She braced her hands on your shoulders to keep herself steady. "Oh wow… your tongue… it feels so good… Trainer, you're so good at this…!"

Encouraged by her praise, you continued to tease the head, treating it like a lollipop, humming against the sensitive skin. But the pressure of her hand on the back of your head increased slightly—a silent signal that she needed more depth.

You relaxed your jaw, opening as wide as you possibly could to accommodate her impressive girth. With a wet, slippery sound, you allowed the head to slide past your lips, your cheeks stretching to their limit as you took the first few inches of her into your mouth. It was a tight fit, her size filling you completely, pressing down on your tongue and against the roof of your mouth.

"Haaa… yes…" Dantsu sighed, her head tilting back for a moment before snapping back down to look at you. "It's so tight… and hot… it feels so good."

She began to set the pace. Her grip on your hair was firm but not painful, guiding your head in a slow, rhythmic bob. You braced your hands firmly against her thighs, holding on tight as she began to thrust her hips shallowly, sliding in and out of your mouth.

Despite the fullness in your mouth, you forced yourself to look up. You locked eyes with her, watching her expression unravel. Dantsu was looking down at you with a look of pure, unadulterated happiness. Her usual shy demeanor was gone, replaced by the confidence of a star racer who knew she had already won.

"Look at me…" she whispered, seeing your gaze. A dopey, ecstatic smile spread across her face as she thrust a little deeper, testing your limits. "Please… keep looking at me. Watch how happy you make me. You're taking it all so well… my brave, wonderful Trainer."

You worked your tongue along the underside of her shaft as she pulled back, then sucked hard as she pushed forward, trying to stimulate her as much as possible. The taste of her was overwhelming, completely coating your palate, but seeing the way her eyes rolled back slightly with every deep bob made it all worth it.

"You really are the best," she panted, her hips snapping with a bit more urgency now. "Just like that… keep sucking… please… it feels amazing…!"

The rhythm of Dantsu's hips became jagged, her composure fraying with every slide of her wet, heavy length against your tongue. She was completely lost in the sensation, her head thrown back for a moment before snapping down again to fix her gaze intensely on you. Her hands, tangled in your hair, were no longer just guiding; they were holding on for dear life, grounding her as pleasure crashed over her in waves.

"Haa… ah…! You love it, don't you? You love tasting me…" Dantsu gasped, her voice dripping with a sappy, overwhelming affection. She stroked her thumb over your cheekbone, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears of pure happiness. "I can feel it… I can feel how much you care. Right now… I'm not just some background character… I'm your whole world, aren't I?"

She let out a needy whine, thrusting a little deeper, filling your mouth completely. "I love you, Trainer… I love you so much. Thank you for looking at me… for touching me… for making me feel real."

You hummed vibrationally against her shaft in response, your eyes crinkling at the corners to show her you heard her. You kept your throat open, swallowing down the excessive amounts of precum she was leaking, treating every drop like a prize. The validation she needed was pouring out of her, and you were more than happy to be the vessel for it.

Suddenly, Dantsu's whole body went rigid. Her thighs trembled against your bracing hands, and her breathing stopped for a split second before resuming in frantic, shallow puffs.

"Trainer…! Trainer, wait…!" She stuttered, her grip on your hair

tightening instinctively. "I… I can’t hold it anymore. This… feeling… mmmngghn!"

She looked down at you, her face a mask of desperate, flushed arousal. "Is it okay…? Can I… can I cum inside?"

In answer, you didn't pull away. Instead, you tightened your lips around the base of the head and sucked harder, swirling your tongue with renewed vigor against the sensitive underside. It was the only permission she needed.

"Anh—! T-thank you… trainer!"

Dantsu cried out, her hips snapping forward one last time, burying herself deep in your mouth. You felt the base of her shaft swell violently, pulsing against your lips. And then, the dam broke.

The first volley hit the back of your throat with a considerable force. Thick, hot, potent semen erupted from her, filling your mouth in an instant. You did your best to swallow, gulping down the heavy fluid, feeling the powerful throbbing of her urethra against your tongue as she pumped shot after shot into you. The sheer volume was staggering, quickly overwhelming your capacity to swallow.

"C-cumming!" she wailed, her legs shaking violently.

Realizing you were nearing your limit, and wanting to see her mark on you, Dantsu groaned and pulled back. With a wet, sloppy sound, the head of her penis popped out of your mouth, trailing a thick rope of white saliva and cum.

She didn't stop, though. The orgasm was still rolling through her with tremendous force. "Catch it…! Please, catch it all for me!" she begged, aiming the twitching, spewing head directly at your face.

You didn't flinch. You tilted your head back, sticking your tongue out and cupping your hands together under your chin to form a makeshift basin.

The white torrent splashed across your face, coating your tongue, your nose, your eyelids. It was warm and heavy. Thick ropes landed on your cheeks, sliding down to drip into your waiting hands. You made happy, muffled noises of encouragement, your eyes squeezed shut as you accepted her mess, letting her paint you white.

"That's it…! Ha… ah…! Look at you…!" Dantsu panted, watching the

spurts slowly lose their intensity, turning into thick, rhythmic dribbles that oozed over your lips. "You're covered in me… "

She stood there, twitching and panting, watching with a look of absolute adoration as you wiped the fluid from your eyes and licked your lips, smiling up at her through the mess she had made.

The heavy silence of the locker room returned, broken only by the sound of ragged breathing—both yours and hers. Dantsu stood there for a moment longer, her chest heaving, legs trembling as the aftershocks of her intense release finally began to fade. The dominant, demanding aura that had surrounded her slowly evaporated, replaced by the familiar, soft glow of the girl you knew so well.

She blinked, her eyes widening as they focused on your face. The sight of you—chin, cheeks, and lips coated in the thick, white evidence of her passion—seemed to snap her out of her haze. Her ears perked up, and a flush of a different kind, one of sudden shyness and concern, rushed into her cheeks.

"Oh! Ah…! Trainer!"

Dantsu scrambled, practically tripping over her own feet as she grabbed a fresh towel from the bench beside you. She dropped to her knees between your legs, her expression frantic but incredibly tender.

"I… I made such a mess…! I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to get it in your eyes!" she fretted, her hands hovering near your face before she gently began to dab at your cheek with the soft cloth. "Are you okay? Was I… was I too much? I just… I couldn't stop myself."

You smiled, despite the sticky situation, and reached out to catch her wrist, stopping her frantic wiping for a moment. You leaned into her hand, nuzzling her palm. "Dantsu, hey. It's okay. Look at me."

She hesitated, biting her lip, her eyes searching yours for any sign of disgust. Finding only warmth and satisfaction, she relaxed, her shoulders dropping.

"I'm fine," you reassured her, your voice soft. "Actually, I'm more than fine. You were amazing, Dantsu. I loved seeing you let go like that. I wanted this, okay?"

A shy, wobbly smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "Really? You… you liked it?"

"I loved it," you confirmed, reaching up to tuck a stray strand of rosy-brown hair behind her ear. "You were so passionate. It made me feel incredibly special to be the one you wanted to share that with."

"Ehehe…" She giggled, that familiar, sunny sound returning. She resumed cleaning you up, her strokes slow and careful now, treating your face like a precious treasure. "I'm glad. I always want to make you happy, Trainer. Since you do so much for me… giving you all of my love felt like the only right thing to do."

She carefully wiped your chin and neck, her eyes soft with affection. "There… all clean. Well, mostly. You might want to wash your face properly at the sink," she teased lightly, her tail swishing happily behind her.

As she finished, she leaned forward and pressed her forehead against yours, closing her eyes. You could feel the heat radiating off her, a comforting warmth now rather than an overwhelming fire. You wrapped your arms around her waist, pulling her into a hug. Her body, still damp with sweat but now soft and pliable, melted against yours.

"Thank you, Dantsu," you whispered. "For trusting me."

"Thank you for watching me," she whispered back, her voice thick with emotion. "For making me feel like a leading star, even when we're just alone in here."

She pulled back after a long, comfortable silence, sniffing the air and wrinkling her nose playfully. "Phew! We both really need a shower now, though. We smell like… well, like a lot of hard work!"

You laughed, standing up and stretching your legs, which were a little stiff from sitting on the bench. Dantsu quickly pulled her pants back up, fastening her belt with a satisfied hum, though her face was still a bright pink.

"So," you said, grabbing your bag as she moved to her locker to grab her shower kit. "Since we put in all this 'extra training'… I think you've earned a reward."

Dantsu's ears twitched, swiveling towards you instantly. "A reward? Really?"

"Mhm," you nodded, grinning. "I was thinking we could go out after we get cleaned up. There's that new bistro downtown that just opened

up. I heard they have a 'Four-Cheese Lava Burger' on the menu."

Dantsu's eyes practically sparkled, her mouth dropping open in a gasp of pure delight. "Four… Four-cheese!? And lava!?" She bounced in place, her earlier exhaustion completely forgotten. "Yes! Yes, please! Oh, Trainer, you know exactly what I like!"

She rushed over and gave you a quick, impulsive hug, squeezing you tight. "I'll be the fastest shower-er in the world! Wait for me outside in ten minutes!"

"I'll be there," you promised.

As she dashed off toward the showers, humming a happy tune, she paused at the doorway and looked back at you. Her expression was softer now, filled with a deep, resonating gratitude.

"Hey, Trainer?"

"Yeah?"

"Let's… let's do this again sometime? Just us?"

You smiled, your heart full. "Absolutely. Whenever you want, Dantsu."

With a beaming smile that could outshine any spotlight, she disappeared into the steam of the shower room, leaving you standing there with a lingering warmth in your chest, ready to take your star out for the meal she deserved.

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